

Al-Islam



Web Magazine

Special Edition

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The Emperor and the seed

An emperor in the Far East was growing old and knew it was time to choose his successor. Instead of choosing one of his assistants or his children, he decided something different. He called young people in the kingdom together one day. He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next emperor. I have decided to choose one of you."

The kids were shocked! But the emperor continued. "I am going to give each one of you a seed today. One very special seed. I want you to plant the seed, water it and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from this one seed. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next emperor!"

One boy named Ling was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly told his mother the story. She helped him get a pot and planting soil, and he planted the seed and watered it carefully. Every day he would water it and watch to see if it had grown. After about three weeks, some of the other youths began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow.

Ling kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew. Three weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks went by. Still nothing. By now, others were talking about their plants but Ling didn't have a plant, and he felt like a failure. Six months went by-still nothing in Ling's pot. He just knew he had killed his seed.

Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Ling didn't say anything to his friends, however. He just kept waiting for his seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the youths of the kingdom brought their plants to the emperor for inspection. Ling told his mother that he wasn't going to take an empty pot. But honest about what happened, Ling felt sick to his stomach, but he knew his mother was right. He took his empty pot to the palace. When Ling arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other youths. They were beautiful-in all shapes and sizes. Ling put his empty pot on the floor and many of the other kinds laughed at him. A few felt sorry for him and just said, "Hey nice try."

When the emperor arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted the young people. Ling just tried to hide in the back. "My, what great plants, trees and flowers you have grown," said the emperor. "Today, one of you will be appointed the next emperor!" All of a sudden, the emperor spotted Ling at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered his guards to bring him to the front. Ling was terrified. "The emperor knows I'm a failure! Maybe he will have me killed!"

When Ling got to the front, the Emperor asked his name. "My name is Ling," he replied. All the kids were laughing and making fun of him. The emperor asked everyone to quiet down. He looked at Ling, and then announced to the crowd, "Behold your new emperor! His name is Ling!" Ling couldn't believe it. Ling couldn't even grow his seed. How could he be the new emperor? Then the emperor said, "One year ago today, I gave everyone here a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it, water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds which would not grow. All of you, except Ling, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Ling was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore, he is the one who will be the new emperor!"

The boy and the apple tree

A long time ago, there was a huge apple tree. A little boy loved to come and play around it everyday. He climbed to the treetop, ate the apples, took a nap under the shadow...he loved the tree and the tree loved to play with him. Time went by...the little boy had grown up and he no longer played around the tree every day.

One day, the boy came back to the tree and he looked sad . "Come and play with me" the tree asked the boy. "I am no longer a kid, I do not play around trees any more" the boy replied. "I want toys. I need money to buy them." "Sorry, but I do not have money... but you can pick all my apples and sell them. So, you will have money." The boy was so excited. He grabbed all the apples on the tree and left happily. The boy never came back after he picked the apples. The tree was deeply saddened.

One day, the boy who now turned into a man returned and the tree was excited "Come and play with me" the tree said. "I do not have time to play. I have to work for my family. We need a house for shelter. Can you help me ? " " Sorry, but I do not have any house. But you can chop off my branches to build your house." So the man cut all the branches of the tree and left happily. The tree was glad to see him happy but the man never came back since then. The tree was again lonely and upset.

One hot summer day, the man returned and the tree was delighted. "Come and play with me!" the tree said. "I am getting old. I want to go sailing to relax myself. Can you give me a boat ?" said the man . "Use my trunk to build your boat. You can sail far away and be happy." So the man cut the tree trunk to make a boat. He went sailing and never showed up for a long time.

Finally, the man returned after many years. " Sorry, my boy. But I do not have anything for you anymore. No more apples for you ..." the tree said. "No problem, I do not have any teeth to bite" the man replied. "No more trunk for you to climb on" "I am too old for that now" the man said. "I really cannot give you anything... the only thing left is my dying roots" the tree said with tears. "I do not need much now, just a place to rest. I am tired after all these years" the man replied. "Good! Old tree roots are the best place to lean on and rest, Come, come sit down with me and rest." The man sat down and the tree was glad and smiled with tears...

This is a story for everyone.

The tree is like our parents

When we were young, we loved to play with our Mum and Dad...

When we grow up, we leave them...only come to them when we need something or when we are in trouble.

No matter what,

parents will always be there and

give everything they could

just to make you happy.

You may think the boy is cruel to the tree, but that is how all of us treat our parents. We take them for granted we don't appreciate all they do for us, UNTIL it's too late. May Allah forgive us of our shortcomings and may He Guide us, In Shaa Allah Ameen

A lion, a python and a mouse

A story is told about a man who was strolling among the trees in a remote African jungle. He was enjoying nature's beauty and listening to exotic birds sing while enjoying the smell of the wild jungle flowers.

Suddenly, he heard the unmistakable sound of an animal running with great speed. The sound grew louder and closer. As the man's heart jumped to his throat, he turned around to see a great and obviously very hungry lion running towards him.

He ran with all his powers and the lion ran after him. Suddenly the man noticed an old well and quickly jumped into it. He clung to a rope that was hanging inside the well, which was used to fetch water.

When the lion's roaring subsided and the man was finally able to catch his breath, he heard a sound underneath him. He looked down to see a giant snake (or python) ... its mouth wide open, waiting for the man to drop right into it...

His mind raced to find a solution to this inescapable situation. As if this wasn't enough, the man suddenly notices two mice: one black and one white and they were chewing on the rope above him! He started to shake the rope hoping to dislodge the mice and save him. In doing so, the rope started swinging and the man started bumping into the walls of the well. Then he felt something sticky on his arm (as he hit the wall) and upon tasting it (would you have done that if you were in such a predicament?) he found out that it was honey and sweet as could be. He tasted it again and again until he forgot the predicament he was in.

The man suddenly woke up. It was a very bad dream!

He decided to seek an interpretation to his dream and rushed to a Scholar and Sheikh. The Scholar laughed and interpreted the dream for him. He said: "The lion was the Angel of Death; the Well with the python was your grave; the rope was your "life" (clinging to it) and the mice were the Day and the Night "eating away" from your life..."

The man was shocked but then asked: "And what about the Honey?"

The Scholar answered: "It's the sweetness of this life that made you forget your ultimate end and what awaits."



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